

Supl

*8**

7523

THE

TELEGRAPH;

A

CONSOLATORY EPISTLE

FROM

THOMAS MUIR, ESQ. OF BOTANY BAY,

TO THE

HON. HENRY ERSKINE, LATE DEAN OF FACULTY.

CONSOLATORY EPISTLES

THOMAS MUIR, Esq. of Bolton, Barr.

TO THE

HON. HENRY LASKE, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn

(4)

T H E

T E L E G R A P H

FROM this remote, this melancholy shore;
Round whose bleak rocks incessant tempests roar;
Where sullen Convicts drag the clanking chain,
And desolation covers all the plain;
My heart, dear DEAN, with anguish turns to you,
And mourns the scenes, just opening to your view.
Eager the Telegraphic Board I rear,
To paint the sorrows which you cannot hear.
To pour the anguish of my heart, and tell,
How late you flourished,—and how low you fell!—

With grief I see, thy ancient honours past,
Disgrace and shame o'ertake thee at the last.
I see our Brethren, deaf to freedom's voice,
Desert the DEAN, the object of their choice,
Who, at their head, for ten long years had stood,
Receiving *double fees*,—all for his country's good.

I see.

I see thee on this inauspicious day,
 Whilst ragged Patriots hail thee on thy way;
 And Cinder-wenches, softening at the scene,
 Sigh for the fate of the unhappy DEAN.
 I see thee slowly to the Court repair,
 Thy pallid visage marked with deadly care,
 Thy steps supported by the kind A***; T E F
 Whilst Patriot H*y, a Brother's sorrow feels,
 And C***k, like Justice, hobbles at thy heels.

Tho' Wit and Genius both exert their power,
 Vain all their efforts, this ill omen'd hour;
 The Puns which us'd in happier days of yore,
 To set the willing circle in a roar,
 The happy repartee, the bons mots fail,
 And not a laugh attends the well told tale;
 Not, tho' you every nerve of fancy strain,—
 And gnaw your bitten nails with secret pain.

In vain the struggle; tho' the distant North,
 And patriot West, pour all their heroes forth;
 No human means can guard the envied place,
 Nor save the sinking DEAN from dire disgrace.

The vote is passed, and black balls fill the urn,
 The filken gown is from thy shoulders torn,
 And all thy titles, all thine honours pass
 To deck the person of abhorred DUNDAS!

But

But weep not, HENRY, tho' thy fate be hard,
 For worth like thine shall meet a due reward.
 Succeeding times, in justice to thy fame,
 With *Watt's* and *Downie's* shall record thy name,
 And place thee high in the illustrious roll
 Of Patriots fam'd for energy of soul;
 Whose ardent spirits liberty inspires,
 To o'erwhelm the globe, and wrap a world in fires.
 There shall thy name, thro' future ages shine,
 In fame and fortune similar to mine;
 Like me, in Freedom's cause, you bravely stood,
 Despising danger for your country's good;
 Like me, you fall—"a martyr in the cause,
 Of truth, of justice, and of injur'd laws."

Come then, my HENRY, since our fate's the same,
 And adverse stars have cross'd our path to fame;
 Since golden visions now no longer shine,
 And all thy mother's dreams prove false like mine;
 Since double fees thou must no longer share,
 Desert a land unworthy of thy care;
 Come to these regions, where no Despot reigns,
 But freedom revels in her native plains;
 Where the bold savage walks by nature's plan,
 And force upholds the sacred Rights of Man.—
 Here, it is true, incessant tempests lower,
 But what are tempests to the Tyrant's power
 Here heaven's own thunders scath the knotted oak,
 But mild the thunder to the Despot's stroke.

Who would not bare his head to angry heaven,
 When all the forest to the storm is given,
 Rather than live in Courts, in servile state,
 To flatter fools, and fawn upon the Great?

Come to this sacred shore, and with thee bring
 All who have virtue to detest a King:
 Bring here M^{rs} L^{ady}, the hero of the North,
 And R^{obert}, renown'd for gentleness and worth,
 Who flies from Britain, wing'd with patriot fears,
 To seek for "*peace and freedom at Algiers*."

Let M^{rs} F^{itz} too, forsake his hoarded pence,
 To seek with M^{rs} F^{itz} here, *departed sense*.

Let L^{ady} F^{itz}, a titled peer no more,
 Since each fond hope of re-election's o'er,
 Seek *reputation* on this blissful shore!

Here no proud title shocks the freeborn mind,
 No chief exalted to debase his kind;
 Even *Anthony* himself may be a peer,
 For want of teeth, not worth enobles here.*

But

* See Captain Cooke's Voyage to the South Seas, *anno* 1772, &c. This method of conferring nobility cannot fail to be approved of by all lovers of true liberty, as it is acquired by personal merit alone, and is not, like some titles in this quarter of the globe, transmitted through a race of worthless ancestors, nor can it descend to a degenerate posterity.

But think not, HENRY, tamely we'll resign
 Our posts and places, e'en to worth like thine;
 Seek here to introduce no dark cabal,
 No curs'd equality to level all.
 When justice gives, and virtue fills each station,
 What Placeman, then, will hear of innovation?

Here, BARRINGTON, in awful virtue stands,
 The scales of justice trembling in his hands:
 Here PALMER, rob'd in lawn, with reverence due,
 Preaches pure doctrines to the convict crew;
 And I'm appointed, you must own with reason,
 The King's Lord Advocate to crush High Treason.

But in this land of freedom, never fear it,
 We'll find employment still for men of merit;
 And all agree, who follow nature's plan,
 That no employment can debase the man.

M**L**d the judge of style*, shall herd our swine;
 R**th shall be butler, for he drinks *no wine*;
 And L*****d**e with forward flippant air,
 A *pert friseur*, shall trim the ladies hair.

Whilst you, my HENRY, blest with every grace,
 With winning manners, and a smiling face;

And

* M**L**d the judge of style.—See his speech in the House of Commons, for his very judicious remarks on the style of the letters which were lately written by the opponents of the Dean.

And skill'd in all the elegance of France,
Shall teach the naked savages to dance.

Oft, as on some high rock, reclined I lie,
And muse on Freedom with a watery eye;
Whilst round my head, loud howling tempests roar,
Some naked savage, on the distant shore,
With rapid step advancing to my view,
Reminds me, HENRY, of my friends and you;
Of those dear friends, who join with heart and hand,
To spread the flame of Freedom round the land!
And restless labour, anxious to inspire,
Each sluggish bosom with the sacred fire.

Even so the Indian.—Where dark forests sweep,
Round the bleak margin of the sounding deep,
Oft matted brakes, with brakes entangling round,
In wild luxuriance cover all the ground;
The twisted myrtles bar the hunter's way,
And from his spear protect the trembling prey;
To clear the forest's dark impervious maze,
The half-starv'd Indian lights a hasty blaze;
Then lifts a torch, and rushing o'er the strand,
High o'er his head, he waves the flaming brand;
From bush to bush, with rapid step he flies,
Till the whole forest blazes to the skies*.

Often,

* Captain Cooke, who frequently saw the inhabitants of New Zealand engaged in this strange manner, calls them by the emphatic name of *Fire Planters*.

Often, 'tis true, this deed of madness done,
 He mourns the mischief which his hand begun ;
 When the red torrent rushing o'er the plain,
 No art can stop, no human power restrain,
 Till from a rock, he sees with wild amaze,
 His wife and children perish in the blaze !

Stop, HENRY, stop ! and cautiously enquire,
 If you can *quench*, as you *enflame* the fire ;
 Think on the savage, in my simple tale,
 Who fires a province, for a scanty meal.

Oft when the shades of night around me lower,
 Imagination paints the awful hour ;
 When all the bustle of this world is fled,
 And fate shall lay us with the silent dead.

Then, (since my foul disowns the impious threap *,
 That death is only an *eternal sleep* ;) The
 Then with an aching heart, I long to know,
 How we, my HENRY, in the shades below,
 Shall bear the sceptre and the iron rod,
 Of the grim *TYRANT* of the dark abode.

But, when I think, that we his will obey,
 And follow cheerful, where he leads the way ;
C That

* This word, tho' hardly classical, is found in Johnson's Dictionary.

That with a spirit, he himself hath given,
 —We act on earth, that part which *cost* him heaven;
 We cannot miss, if truth in HELL remain,
 A warm reception in his dark domain.

There shall my HENRY high in favour sit,
 In rank and power superiour far to PITT;
 Whom humble nature has ordain'd to move,
 A servile seraph, thro' the realms above.

Or, should the monarch of the dark domain,
 Like earthly monarchs, treat us with disdain;
 Should he presume, with insolence to rule,
 And damn the victim who was first his tool;
 The best and noblest priviledge in hell,
 For souls like ours is, boldly to rebel;
 To rear the standard of revolt, and try
 The happy fruits of lov'd democracy.

The sacred right of infurrection there,
 May drive old Satan from his regal chair;
 And the same honest means may raise, per chance,
 A *France in Hell*, that rais'd a *Hell in France*.

When you, my HENRY, join'd with other four,
 As *Chief Director*, hold superior power,
 When from the throne, on which old Satan fate,
 With livelier grace, you read the doom of fate.

Do not forget your brother, and your friend,
 Who in these lines, from earth's remotest end,
 Now courts your aid ; I ask but what's my due,
 Your predecessors debts descend on you.
 He sent my mother that delusive dream,
 Which made me, witlefs, leave the weaver's beam,
 To seek the law, the source of all my woe ;
 His was the promise, your's 'tis to bestow,
 To Dundas only I my claim resign,
 If he relinquish, let the prize be mine.
 To crown my wishes, and reward my pains,
 Make me LORD CHANCELLOR of your dark domains.

Do not forget your brother, and your friend,
Who in these lines, from earth's remotest end,
Now courts your aid: I ask but what's my due,
Your predilections debts descend on you.
He lent my mother that delusive dream,
Which made me, wileless, leave the weaver's beam,
To seek the law, the source of all my woes;
His was the promise, yours is to bestow.
To ~~D~~ claim only I my claim resign,
If he relinquit, let the prize be mine.
To crown my wishes, and reward my pains,
Make me Lord Chancellor of your dark domains.